THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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HUERTA'S POWER RAPIDLY FAILING

Rebel Troops Advancing Toward Mexican Capital.

DICTATOR CRUSHING FOES.

One Hundred Men Jailed For Plotting With Rebels to Seize Capital When Troops Leave—News of Defeats of Federals Are Suppressed by the Leaders.

City of Mexico, Nov. 29.—Reports of federal disasters in all parts of the republic indicate that General Huerta's dictatorship is crumbling.

The most conservative of observers here say that Christmas will see a new government in the City of Mexico.

It is believed that Huerta sees the handwriting on the wall, but is determined to fight to the last. It is his policy to crush every suspected person within his reach.

One hundred imprisoned deputies, some of whom are accused of dealing with rebels who have been released upon habeas corpus writs, are "incomunicado." They are locked in separate cells, and no one, not even members of their families, is allowed to communicate with them. It is believed that several will be executed without further ceremony.

Hitherto the deputies have been allowed the liberty of the penitentiary. It is understood the explanation Huerta will give of the drastic action and probably of executions will be the discovery of a plot to seize the City of Mexico as soon as the main body of federal troops departed on the northern expedition.

News of Defeats Suppressed.

Fearing the moral effect of the news of rebel success, the fortune of the fighting in the north is suppressed as much as possible. After many denials it has been admitted by the government that Victoria, the capital of Tamaulipas, has been razed to the ground by rebels, that General Rubio Navarette's command has been cut to pieces at La Cruz, north of Victoria, and that the road has been opened for the Constitutionalist advance upon Tampico.

The destruction of Victoria is complete, the rebels having dynamited such buildings as were of solid construction. General Rabago lost 200 men before giving way before the rebel commanders, Pablo Gonzales and Jesus Carranza. General Navarette's command, marching to the relief of Victoria, was ambushed by Gonzales and Carranza at La Cruz. The federals were trapped in a ravine into which the rebels poured a terrific fire, almost wiping out the Huertaistas.

Tuxpan was reported to have fallen into the hands of General Aguilar, and from Mexico City it is difficult to see how Tampico can be saved. On the advance to Tampico the rebels carried trainloads of loot and many women.

Heavy fighting is reported at Carneros, south of Saltillo. From the same place comes a dispatch that rebels have blown up a troop train carrying 300 federals. All the soldiers who were not killed in the explosion were massacred by the rebels and their bodies thrown into the burning wreckage.

SUFFRAGISTS TO QUIZ WILSON

Want Expression From President as to His Attitude on the Issue.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Another suffragist delegation is to visit the White House next week in an effort to obtain an expression from President Wilson as to his stand on the suffrage question. Plans for the visit have already been made at the headquarters here of the National American Woman Suffrage association.

"We intend to obtain a definite statement of the Democratic administration's attitude toward woman suffrage," said Mrs. Jessie Hardy Stubbs. "We will try to see the president at his convenience, but we are going to see him, just as the New Jersey delegation did.

"Our national convention will be meeting next week at the psychological moment when the president will be reading his message to congress and his statement on woman suffrage."

TRAINS CRASH IN FOG.

No One Hurt in Collision on the Burlington Road.

Galesburg, Ill., Nov. 29.—Dashing toward Chicago in a dense fog an east bound fast mail train on the Burlington road crashed into a freight train at Wataka, six miles east of here.

Both locomotives were reduced to scrap iron. The entire crews escaped by jumping and no one was hurt.

Spain's Grapes.

Spain annually uses the huge quantity of 275,000 tons of grapes for making other products than wine.

TWO MACHINES COLLIDE

Drunken Negro Locked up For His Recklessness Today.

A drunken negro, said to have taken out D. W. Anderson's auto while he, the negro was drunk and without the permission of Mr. Anderson, collided with the auto of H B. Hartswick in front of the court house this afternoon, seriously damaging the Anderson car.

The negro was locked up for running without a license, being drunk and taking a car without the permission of the owner, all serious offenses.

TRAFFIC STOPS FOR FINLEY.

Not a Wheel Turns on Southern Railway as Funeral Starts.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Every wheel on the Southern railway stopped for five minutes, beginning at 11 o'clock, as a mark of respect for the memory of W. W. Finley, the late president of the road.

The funeral services were held at St. John's Episcopal church here at that time. All the Finley negro servants rode in carriages and had places in the church.

Engagement Announced.

Mrs Frank G. Harris entertained the Friday afternoon sewing club yesterday, announcing the engagemen of Miss Isabelle Bender, daughter of Rev. Dr. Bender, of Trinity Methodist church, tto Prof. Ross Banchoff, of Chambersburg. The wedding will take place December 24.

DR. ASH D. BENNETT DIES IN CLEARFIELD

Prominent Physician Expires at Son's Home

Dr. Ashley D. Bennett died at the residence of his son, Dr. F. Guerney Bennett, on Market street this morning at 4 o'clock of infirmities resulting from old age. Dr. Bennett would have been 77 years old had he lived another week.

Dr. Ashley Bennett was one of the most prominent citizens of Clearfield county when he was in his prime. We came to this county in 1863, having graduated in medicine in 1860. He located in New Washington, and for the better part of his life resided in that town, practicing his profession in the neighborhood. He was a leading physician of this part of the West Branch valley being often called in consultation with prominent physicians in Clearfield borough and other places in the county, his skill being recognized by his brother practitioners.

Dr. Bennett had an enviable war record, entering the army as a surgeon and remaining until Lee's surrender at Appomattox. His skill as a surgeon won him distinction and honors. At the close of the war he his practice at New Washington.

Dr. Bennett served Clearfield county in the legislature from 1879 to 1880 and gave his constituents entire satisfaction. His death, although anticipated for some time, came as a shock to his many friends in this county.

Mrs. Bennett, nee Miss Sue Showers, of Williamsport, who died four or five years ago, and since then the doctor had generally made his home with his son in Clearfield. Two sons survive Dr. L. G., in Clearfield, and W. I. near Ellsworth, Nebraska. Funeral arrangements wil be made as soon as communication can be had with the son in Nebraska.

GRAMPIAN.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Spencer visited J. I. Spencer's on Sunday.

T. E. Wall's visited Edward Spencer's on Sunday.

Mrs Annia Caldwell left here Saturday for Boston, Mass. where she expects to make her future home

J. W. Sceurman, left Monday evening for Pittsburgh, where he spent Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Spencer visited E. A. Spencer's on Sunday.

M. E. aid met at Mrs. John Wriglesworth's Wednesday.

Lucy Spencer spent Sunday with Ethel Spencer.

A. W. Leonardson, of Clearfield, was in town Tuesday.

Vern Shuss left Tuesday for Curry to visit his parents.

And at that there is some danger that if Huerta resigns his Mexican job he will enter vaudeville.

ARMY-NAVY GAME TO CLOSE SEASON

Future Sailors and Soldiers Ready For the Fray.

PRESIDENT TO SEE CONTEST

Two Elevens Confident on Eve of Battle—Light Practice Indulged In. Prospect For Bad Weather Did Not Dampen Spirits—Navy Picked to Win.

New York, Nov. 29.—The West Point football squad, forty strong, with manager, coaches and trainer, arrived in fine shape. They went direct to the Hotel Astor at Forty-fourth street and Broadway, which will be their head quarters until they leave on their return trip on Sunday noon.

There were forty players in the squad and eight coaches, including Charlie Daly, head coach and an old Harvard quarterback.

The Navy team was in possession of the Hotel Vanderbilt. Coaches, players, "old grads" and friends gathered in the lobby where the team sat. Everybody seemed confident and in good spirits. One of the substitutes played ragtime.

Captain Gilchrist, right end, said the Navy team was in first class shape and thoroughly coached. "If we lose the game," he said, "I shall lay it to the players and not to the coaches. I am making no prophecies."

The Navy team did not seem discouraged by the prospect of a wet day. Members of their squad said that they were accustomed to playing in fogs and that they have heavy halfbacks and do not use the open style of play as much as West Point, and believe that wet weather will be more detrimental to West Point than to them.

President and Newly Weds There.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bowes Sayre accompanied President Wilson to New York on a special train. The president will witness the Army-Navy football game, but the Sayres will only stop overnight in that city as they have engaged passage for a European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayre, who outwitted the press and the general public by getting away from the White House on Tuesday, returned to Washington and were driven to the White House in a taxicab. They reached this city on a train from Baltimore.

SEEKING RELEASE OF FORMER DICTATOR

Zelaya Still Held in Cell in New York Prison.

New York, Nov. 29.—Habeas corpus proceedings may be instituted in a fight to obtain the release of General Jose Santos Zelaya, the one time president and dictator of the republic of Nicaragua, who is being held a prisoner in the Tombs, following his arrest by federal officers on the request of the Nicaraguan government on a charge of murder

Unless the habeas corpus proceedings are started General Zelaya will have to remain in jail indefinitely, because the offense with which he is charged is not bailable. His counsel is expected to take action. Horacio Zelaya, the general's eldest son, could not state just what would be done, but said that the most expedient way of obtaining his father's release would be resorted to.

The one time dictator spent Thanksgiving day in a cell, following his arraignment before United States Commissioner Shields in the postoffice building and his being committed without the privilege of bail. General Zelaya was not in the least perturbed apparently.

"I will take all my medicine as a good soldier," he said, with a smile.

BEGIN TRIAL OF DR. CRAIG

College Professor Accused of Murder of Mrs. Knab.

Shelbyville, Ind., Nov. 29.—Fifty venire men from whom it is hoped to choose the jury which will decide the fate of Dr. William R. Craig, of Indianapolis, charged with the murder of La Helene Knab three years ago, responded to summons when the criminal court was convened here.

While the battery of attorneys connected with the case declared that it may be several days before a jury is selected, a few expressed the opinion that the twelve men will be chosen before adjournment is taken.

Of the fifty men summoned forty are farmers and eight are Shelbyville business men.

DR. WILEY IS CONSIDERING.

Offered Health Commissionership of New York by Mayor Elect.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Friends of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, formerly chief chemist of the department of agriculture and pure food expert, admitted that the doctor was considering an offer to become health commissioner of New York city.

Dr. Wiley is away on his Virginia farm, out of reach of telephone and telegraph, but is expected to return at once. None of the doctor's friends knew whether he would take the place, but said he had conferred once with the mayor elect, John Purroy Mitchel, and had been in correspondence with others in New York about the offer.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Ignatius Taschner, the sculptor, one of whose works was the Scottish memorial in St. Paul, Minn., died in Munich. He was forty-two years of age.

Charles Griswold, a wealthy resident of Palmyra, N. Y., chairman of the Wayne county board of supervisors, died of indigestion an hour after his Thanksgiving dinner.

After a brief illness William Grady, an old school politician who was associated for many years with the late Hugh McLaughlin, leader of the Kings county Democracy, died in Brooklyn. He was born in Ireland in 1844.

Rudolph Kleinjung, sixty-one, general manager and director of the New Jersey Worsted Spinning company of Garfield, N. J., and a director of the Graef Silk company of Paterson, died at Ridgewood, N. J., of heart failure.

Henry Greenwall, eighty-one, for years the oldest active theatrical manager in the United States, is dead in New Orleans. The career of Greenwall was as spectacular and strenuous as that of any great American producer. Forty-five years as manager and producer won him a name.

MADERA MURDERER IN THE COUNTY JAIL

Man Who Shot Italian Behind Prison Bars

Constable Alexander, of Madera, Friday evening brought to the county jail the man who is accused of killing another Italian at Madera Thursday night. Coroner Polluum held an inquest on the body of the murdered man Friday, and the correct names of the principals in the tragedy were revealed.

The man who did the shooting is named Germania Catillo and the name of the murdered man was Iquinetti. Catillo is said to have been living in Ohio, having deserted his wife in Italy, eventually marrying a woman at Madera. Returning from Ohio he is said to have found Iquinetti on friendly terms with the second wife, and the shooting resulted.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder against Catillo, and he was lodged in jail.

Winds of Wellington.

Australians boast that anywhere throughout the world their national call, "Coo-ee," will always be answered by a fellow Australian. A writer in the London Chronicle reports having heard it so given and answered in a London theater. "But other people from the antipodes have their signs of origin. If you see a man walking along and although a breeze does not stir the air he involuntarily holds his hat firmly to his head whenever he comes to a street corner you should greet him with the question, 'Well, and how are things in Wellington?' Thereupon he will fall upon your neck as a fellow New Zealander in London, for in Wellington the winds are so tempestuous that the habit of holding the hat firmly to one's head when passing a side street becomes second nature and proclaims the man from Wellington all over the world."

Brain and Bulk in School.

Two parents sat side by side at the school prize giving. They had been dragged there by their wives to see the distribution of prizes which had not been gained by their own children. It was an occasion of almost monumental dullness. Then, says the Manchester Guardian, one of them had a happy idea. He whispered to his friend, "I'll lay you two to one in sixpences that the second boy in each class is taller than the first boy." He won every time till his friend repudiated the wager in disgust.

"How did you know? Had you seen the list of prize winners?" he was asked.

"Well, I noticed when at school that brain and bulk never went together, and I thought it was worth speculating on today."

Stenographer Wanted—Young man who is efficient in stenography and typewriting may secure a good position by applying at the office of the Chamber of Commerce of Clearfield. Nov. 29. 3t.

REALTY CONCERN IN BANKRUPTCY

Holdings of Embarrassed Company Worth $25,000,000.

FRIENDLY SUIT INSTITUTED.

Creditors, After Meeting, Plan to Protect Bondholders Until Real Estate Market in New York Is Better—Controlled Many Large Apartment Houses.

New York, Nov. 29.—The New York Real Estate Security company, capitalized at $5,950,000, went into the hands of a receiver. A petition in bankruptcy was filed in the United States district court on behalf of Weschler & Kohn, Methul Realty company and Hugh McAtamney, all real estate agents.

Judge Hough named James N. Rosenberg as receiver. His bond of $50,000 was furnished by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty company.

Friendly Suit For Bondholders.

The court proceeding represented a friendly suit instituted as a step to protect bondholders. It was decided on at a meeting of a number of the concern's creditors when several mortgage holders called for immediate payments. The bankruptcy proceedings will stave off these payments for from six months to a year, by which time, it is hoped, the realty market will take a decided turn for the better.

The company had the control of sixty-two parcels of improved real estate, including several big apartment houses in Manhattan and the Bronx and the big building at 42 Broadway, where it maintained its offices.

In a statement given out following the decree of the court Gustavus A. Rogers of the law firm of Rogers & Rogers, counsel for the corporation, attributed the failure to "the unprecedented condition of the real estate and mortgage market."

According to counsel the company's holdings were worth over $20,000,000, possibly $25,000,000.

OUST FAKE AUCTIONEERS.

Boston Jewelers Would Raise the License Fee to $200 and Bond.

Boston, Nov. 29.—A mass meeting of leading Boston jewelers was held to protest against "fly by night" auctioneers who reap rich harvests among Christmas shoppers.

Boston jewelers propose to attack the "fake" auction men by raising the license fee for such sales from $2 to $200 and provide that they must post $3,000 bond. The mayor and police commissioner are interested in the crusade.

DEMOCRATS SOLID FOR CURRENCY BILL

Hitchcock Only Opponent of Senate Caucus Measure.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Rapid progress was made in the senate Democratic currency caucus toward completing the party caucus draft of the bill. Minor features of the Owen measure were approved with little discussion. Senators confidently believe they can finish their bill before Sunday in time for the day and night schedule of debate beginning on Monday on the senate floor.

Rebellion by certain Democrats against "caucus rule" upon the currency bill, opposing a binding caucus pledge to the caucus draft, diminished. It is believed every Democratic senator except Hitchcock will vote for the caucus bill upon final passage, although several Democrats may line up with the Republicans on certain amendments.

Sentiment in the caucus was almost overwhelmingly against providing for more than twelve regional banks. A compromise plan to give the federal reserve board the right to prescribe the number of banks at "not less than eight nor more than twelve" was considered.

Location of the regional reserve banks to be established by the new currency bill became a matter of pressing importance. The insistence of Senator Hoke Smith and Senator Bacon of Georgia that the territory tributary to Atlanta would not do business with a regional bank at New Orleans may force the conference to at least informally outline the districts and locations for the banks.

Newspaper Plant Burned.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Nov. 29.—The plant of the Daily American was destroyed by fire. The loss is $30,000.

JOSE ZELAYA.

Ex-Dictator of Nicaragua, Under Arrest in New York, May Be Given His Liberty.

Photo by American Press Association.

Jose Santos Zelaya, former dictator of Nicaragua, now under arrest in New York, may be freed at once. Solicitor Joseph W. Folk of the state department wrestled with the case, and, while he would not discuss it, it was learned through Corey Stadden, counsel for Zelaya, and Charles Douglas, counsel for the Nicaraguan government, that the Nicaraguan government had not furnished the state department with sufficient evidence to make out a case of murder. This picture shows Zelaya (on the right) as he was being arrested in New York.

Power of a Song.

Mme. Marchesi, speaking of the power of song, said: "I was singing at Edinburgh, where I have very good friends in the head master of a big public school and his wife, and it was arranged that I should have supper with them after the concert. One of my songs was Landon Ronald's 'Peace and Rest,' the idea of which is two lovers not separated by death, but lying together in the same tomb. When I came to supper with my friends my host said to me: 'Ah, Mme. Marchesi, that song you sang, "Peace and Rest," had a great effect upon me. I never thought before of my wife and I being separated by death'—I did not wonder at this, for he is a most happy man, full of joy of life—'but since I heard you sing that song I have been thinking hard, and tomorrow I am going to buy a family vault.' I scarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry, but in the end we all laughed. And, surely this would be hard to beat for an example of 'what a song can do.'"

Perjury Penalties.

Perjury, besides being one of the oldest of offenses in the catalogue of crime, has always been very severely punished. In the days of the Roman empire any one who committed perjury was thrown from a precipice, while the Greeks branded their false swearers. It is interesting to note that when the latter embraced the Christian religion the punishment was altered to that of having the tongue cut out, a sort of punishment which was considered to fit the crime in the early centuries. In the middle ages some countries adopted the system of giving the perjurer the punishment for the crime he falsely accused another of. Thus if he swore a neighbor had committed murder and the charge was disproved the perjurer would be sentenced to death, and the other penalties of the penal code were exacted for the particular crime alleged.

The Stone Age.

The stone age still exists among some of the islanders of the south Pacific and the Eskimos of the extreme north as well as in a few other spots here and there on earth. The progress of early culture in Europe seems to have been from the south and east toward the north and west, so that the emergence of the different peoples from their age of stone was accomplished much earlier in southern and eastern Europe than in the north and west. But, while the stone age of different areas is thus not necessarily synchronous, it seems to be true of all European areas that this is the earliest condition in which man has appeared upon them. This holds for all other areas as well, evidences of the stone age having been fully established in India, China, Japan, Africa and the Americas.

He Who Spares Vice.

He who spares vice or apologizes for it in the places of the world wrongs virtue in every place. He helps the good to look upon it leniently, and thus to lower the tone of morality within themselves. He assists the bad to make it respectable, and thus to give the warrant and license in its imitation, and even in its emulation. He discourages virtue in the humble and poor, the great masses, who form the real basis of society, and upon whose goodness and truth the state must rely for its character before the world

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COMING EVENTS.

Bazaar, Y. M. C. A. hall, Dec. 6.

WITHIN THE LAW

Gilder looked at his son with a strange, new respect.

"Dick," he cried—"boy, you are all I have in the world. You will have to free yourself from this woman somehow. You owe me that much."

"I owe something to her, too, dad."

"What can you owe her? She tricked you into the marriage. Why, legally it's not even that. There's been nothing more than a wedding ceremony. We must get you out of the scrape."

"I'm not sure that I want to get out of it, father."

"You want to stay married to this jail bird!"

"I'm very fond of her."

"Now that you know?"

"Now that I know," Dick said distinctly. "Don't you see, father? Why, she is justified in a way—in her own mind anyhow, I mean. She was innocent when she was sent to prison."

"Don't talk to me about her innocence. There's only one course open to you, my boy. You must give this girl up. If you don't what are you going to do the day your wife is thrown into a patrol wagon and carried to police headquarters, for it's sure to happen? The cleverest of people make mistakes, and some day she'll make one."

Dick threw out his hands in a gesture of supreme denial. But the father went on remorselessly.

"They will stand her up where the detectives will walk past her with

"I owe something to her, too, dad."

masks on their faces. Her picture, of course, is already in the rogues' gallery, but they will take another—yes, and the imprints of her fingers and the measurements of her body."

The son was writhing under the words. The woman of whom these things were said was the woman whom he loved. Yet every word had in it the piercing, horrible sting of truth.

"That's what they will do to your wife," Gilder went on harshly, "to the woman who bears your name and mine. What are you going to do about it?"

"It will never happen. She will go straight, dad. That I know. You would know it if you only knew her as I do."

Gilder was in despair. What argument could avail him? He cried out sharply in desperation.

"Do you realize what you're doing? Don't go to smash, Dick, just at the beginning of your life. Oh, I beg you, boy, stop. Put this girl out of your thoughts and start fresh. You're all I have, my boy."

"Yes, dad," came the answer. "If I could avoid it I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world. I'm sorry, dad, awfully sorry." He hesitated, then his voice rang out clearly: "But I must fight this out by myself—fight it out in my own way. And I'm going to do it!"

The butler entered.

"A man to see you, sir," he said.

The master took the card. "Very well," he said, "show him up." His glance met the wondering gaze of his son.

"It's Burke," he explained.

"What on earth can he want—at this time of night?" Dick exclaimed.

"You may as well get used to visits from the police."

A moment later Inspector Burke entered the room.

"She's skipped!" he said triumphantly.

Dick made a step forward. His eyes flashed, and there was anger in his voice as he replied:

"I don't believe it."

"She left this morning for Chicago," Burke said, lying with a manner that long habit rendered altogether convincing. "I told you she'd go." He turned to the father and spoke with an air of boastful good nature. "Now, all you have to do is to get this boy out of the scrape and you'll be all right."

"If we only could!" The cry came with deepest earnestness from the lips of Gilder, but there was little hope in his voice.

"I guess we can find a way to have the marriage annulled or whatever they do to marriages that don't take," said Burke.

The brutal assurance of the man in thus referring to things that were sacred moved Dick to wrath.

"Don't you interfere," he said.

Nevertheless Burke held to the topic.

"Interfere! Huh!" he ejaculated, grinning broadly. "Why, that's what I'm paid to do. Listen to me, son. The minute you begin mixing up with crooks you ain't in a position to give orders to any one. The crooks have got no rights in the eyes of the police. Just remember that."

But Dick was not listening. His thoughts were again wholly with the woman he loved, who, as the inspector declared, had fled from him.

"Where's she gone in Chicago?"

Burke answered in his usual gruff fashion, but with a note of kindliness that was not without its effect on Dick.

"I'm no mind reader," he said. "But she'll probably stop at the Blackstone—that is, until the Chicago police are tipped off that she is in town."

The face of the young man took on a totally different expression. He went close to the inspector and spoke with intense seriousness.

"Burke," he said pleadingly, "give me a chance. I'll leave for Chicago in the morning. Give me twenty-four hours start before you begin hounding her."

The inspector smiled acquiescence.

"Seems reasonable," he admitted.

"No, no, Dick!" the father cried. "You shall not go! You shall not go!"

The inspector shot a word of warning to Gilder in an aside that Dick could not hear.

"Keep still," he replied. "It's all right."

"You give me your word, inspector," Dick said, "that you won't notify the police in Chicago until I've been there twenty-four hours?"

"You're on," Burke replied genially. "They won't get a whisper out of me until the time is up."

"Then I'll go." Dick smiled rather wanly at his father. "You know, dad I'm sorry, but I've got to do what I think is the right thing."

It was not until the door was closed after Dick that Burke spoke.

"He'll go to Chicago in the morning, you think, don't you?" he asked.

"Certainly," Gilder answered. "But I don't like it."

"Best thing that could have happened! You see, he won't find her there."

"Where did she go then?" Gilder queried, wholly at a loss.

"Nowhere yet. But just about the time he's starting for the west I'll have her down at headquarters. Demarest will have her indicted before noon. She'll go to trial in the afternoon, and tomorrow night she'll be sleeping up the river. That's where she is going."

Gilder stood motionless for a moment. "But," he said wonderingly, "you can't do that."

"Well, perhaps I can't, but I will!" Suddenly his face grew hard. His heavy jaw shot forward aggressively as he spoke.

"Think I'm going to let that girl make a joke of the police department? Why, I'm here to get her, to stop her anyhow. Her gang is going to break into your house tonight."

"What?" Gilder demanded. "You mean she's coming here as a thief?"

"Not exactly," Inspector Burke confessed, "but her pals are coming to try to pull off something right here. She wouldn't come, not if I know her. She's too clever for that. Why, if she knew what Garson was planning to do, she'd stop him."

The inspector paused suddenly. For a long minute his face was seamed with thought. Then he smote his thigh with a blow strong enough to kill an ox. His face was radiant.

"I've got her!" he cried. He went to the desk where the telephone was and took up the receiver.

"Give me 3100 Spring," he said. As he waited for the connection he smiled widely on the astonished Gilder.

"Headquarters?" he called. "Inspector Burke speaking. Who's in my office? I want him quick." He smiled as he listened, and he spoke again to Gilder. "It's Smith, the best man I have. That's luck, if you ask me." Then again he spoke into the mouthpiece of the telephone.

"Oh, Ed, send some one up to that Turner woman. You have the address. Just see that she is tipped off that Joe Garson and some pals are going to break into Edward Gilder's house tonight. Get some stool pigeon to hand her the information. You'd better get to work quick. Understand?"

The inspector hung up the receiver and faced his host with a contented smile.

"What good will all that do?" Gilder demanded impatiently.

"She'll come to stop 'em. When we get the rest of the gang we'll grab her too. Just call your man for a minute, will you, Mr. Gilder?"

Gilder pressed the electric button on his desk. At the same moment, through the octagonal window, came a blinding flash of light that rested for seconds, then vanished. Burke was startled by the mysterious radiance.

"What's that?" he demanded sharply.

"It's the flashlight from the Metropolitan tower," Gilder explained. "It swings around this way about every fifteen minutes. The servant forgot to draw the curtains."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Burglary at Gilder's.

THE entrance of the butler brought the inspector's thoughts back to the matter in hand.

"My man," he said authoritatively, "I want you to go up to the roof and open the scuttle. You'll find some men waiting up there. Bring 'em down here. They're police officers. You get 'em down here, and then you go to bed and stay there till morning. Understand?"

The butler looked at his master for guidance. Receiving a nod, he said:

"Very well, sir."

"How do you know they're going to break into the house tonight," Gilder demanded of Burke, "or do you only think they're going to break into the house?"

"I know they are. I fixed it."

"You did?"

"Sure; did it through a stool pigeon."

"Oh, an informer!" Gilder interrupted, a little doubtfully.

"Yes," Burke agreed; "stool pigeon is the police name for him. Really, he's the vilest thing that crawls."

"But if you think that," Gilder expostulated, "why do you have anything to do with that sort of person?"

"Because it's good business," the inspector replied. "We know he's a spy and a traitor and that every time he comes near us we ought to use a disinfectant. But we deal with him just the same because we have to. Now, the stool pigeon in this trick is a swell English crook. He went to Garson yesterday with a scheme to rob your house. He tried out Mary Turner, too, but she told Garson to leave it alone. But he met Griggs afterward and agreed to pull it off. Griggs got word to me that it's coming off tonight, and so, you see, Mr. Gilder, that's how I know."

"I see," Gilder admitted, without any enthusiasm. "But why do you have your men come down over the roof?"

"It wasn't safe to bring them in the front way. It's a cinch the house is being watched. I wish you would let me have your latch key. I want to come back and make this collar myself."

"But why not stay, now that you are here?"

"Suppose some of them saw me come in? There wouldn't be anything doing until after they saw me go out again."

The hall door opened, and the butler re-entered the room. Behind him came Cassidy and two other detectives in plain clothes. At a word from his master the disturbed Thomas withdrew.

"Now," Burke went on briskly as the door closed behind the servant, "where could these men stay out of sight until they're needed?"

There followed a little discussion which ended in the selection of a storeroom at the end of the passage on the ground floor.

"And now, Mr. Gilder," the inspector said energetically, "I'm going to give you the same tip I gave your man. Go to bed and stay there."

"But the boy," Gilder protested. "What about him? He's the one thing of importance to me."

"If he says anything more about going to Chicago just you let him go, that's all. It's the best place for him for the next few days."

"You're in charge here," Burke said to Cassidy, "and I hold you responsible. I'm coming back to get this bunch myself, and I'll call you when you're wanted. You'll wait in the storeroom out there and don't make a move till you hear from me, unless by any chance things go wrong and you get a call from Griggs. He's got a whistle, and he'll use it if necessary. Got that straight?" Cassidy declared an entire understanding of the directions.

As the men left the room Burke turned again to Gilder.

"Just one thing more," he said. "After I've gone I want you to stay up for a half hour anyhow, with the lights burning. Do you see? I want to be sure to give the Turner woman time to get here while that gang is at work."

Gilder scrupulously followed the directions of the police inspector. Uneasily he had remained in the library until the allotted time was elapsed. He fidgeted from place to place, his mind heavy with distress under the shadow that threatened to blight the life of his cherished son. Finally, with a sense of relief he put out the lights and went to his chamber.

His thoughts were most with his son and ever as he thought of Dick his fury waxed against the woman who had enmeshed the boy in her plotting

Mary Was Utterly Wretched.

for vengeance on himself. And into his thoughts now crept a doubt, one that alarmed his sense of justice. A horrible suspicion that he had misjudged Mary Turner crept into his brain and would not out. He fought it with all the strength of him, and that was much, but ever it abode there.

Mary Turner herself, too, was in a condition utterly wretched, and for the same cause, Dick Gilder. That source of the father's suffering was hers as well. She had won her ambition of years—revenge on the man who had sent her to prison. And now the joy of it was a torture, for the puppet of her plans, the son, had suddenly become the chief thing in her life.

She had taken it for granted that he would leave her after he came to know that her marriage to him was only a device to bring shame on his father. Instead he loved her. That fact seemed the secret of her distress. He loved her. More, he dared believe, and to assert boldly, that she loved him. Had he acted otherwise the matter would have been simple enough. But he loved her—loved her still, though he knew the shame she had heaped on her life, knew the infamy that had led her to accept him as a husband. More by a sublime audacity he declared that she loved him.

There came a thrill to her heart each time she thought of that that she loved him. The idea was monstrous, of course, and yet . . . Here, as always, she broke off, a hot flush blazing in her cheeks.

Mary Turner was just ready for bed when a note came by a messenger who waited for no answer, as he told the

Continued on page 3

Origin of Duels.

Dueling took its rise from the judicial combats of the Celtic nations. The first formal duel in England, between William, Count D'Eu, and Godfrey Baynard, took place in 1096. Dueling in civil matters was forbidden in France in 1305. Francis I. challenged the Emperor Charles V. in vain in 1528. The fight with small swords was introduced into England in 1587. A proclamation was made in 1679 that no person should be pardoned who had killed another in a duel. The custom was abolished in the British army in 1792 and was abolished in England by the aid of public opinion.—Kansas City Star.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Jacob Rosh and Mame Templeton, both of Madera.

Fletcher B. McLeod and Helen Anderson, both of DuBois.

Glen R. Gibbs, of Emporium and Lillie Walk, of Shaffers Siding.

John A. Lerch, of Rimersburg, Pa., and Minnie C. Nale, of DuBois.

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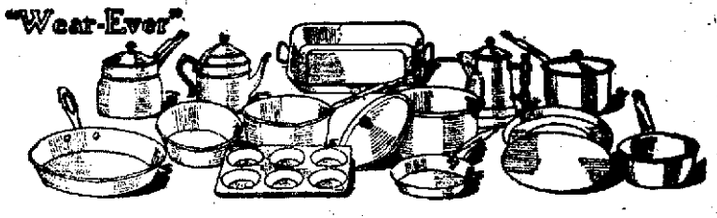

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"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Ware saves fuel and time because it heats evenly and quickly.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Ware is seamless, can not rust, can not chip or scale, cannot taint food, is easily kept clean.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensils cut down labor and time and money so fast that if you once use one you will soon have a whole "Wear-Ever" kitchen.

May we send you a booklet, the "Wear-Ever" kitchen which explains how to improve your cooking? Free upon request.

SPECIAL To acquaint you with the Wear-Ever line, a one quart handled Sauce Pan regularly selling at 75c for 50c while the stock lasts.

Telephone Orders Given Prompt Attention.

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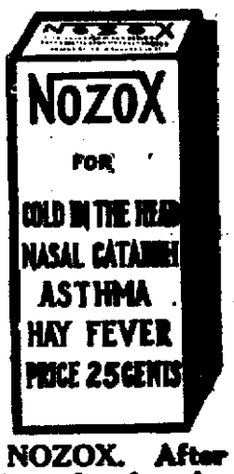

You Need For Cold in Head, Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Asthma, Rose Fever, Miner's Catarrh.

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Fix the Shape, Size and Appearance of This Package in Your Mind, and Ask for NOZOX, and You Will Receive This Most Wonderful Remedy for These Diseases.

Don't be persuaded to buy anything else until you have tried NOZOX. After you have once used NOZOX no one can induce you to buy anything else, for the very simple reason that NOZOX will relieve ANY COLD IN THE HEAD instantly, and inside of sixty minutes your cold will have entirely disappeared. Many times it takes less than 30 minutes. Just try it. We know what it will do and offer your money back if it fails. So effective is NOZOX that we have never yet been asked to refund a penny.

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"I haven't had a Cold since I began using NOZOX a year ago. Whenever I feel the slightest symptoms of one coming on I "shoot" in NOZOX and knock it out. Send me another box at once as I have lent mine to a friend." P. E. Sanderson, Cotton Exchange, Augusta, Ga.

NOZOX FOR CATARRH

Nasal Catarrh is so distressing and disagreeable, not only to the sufferer himself but also to his family, and friends, and every one with whom he comes in contact. It's said one person in every five has catarrh - dry or dropping. The breath is awful; blowing the nose so often, and loud, and hard, is disagreeable; the continual hawking drives your friends away; periodical deafness is frequent. Use NOZOX and get relief.

NOZOX clears the nostrils and lets you breathe freely through your nose. NOZOX dries up the droppings, heals the inflammation, frequently restoring the hearing.

READ THIS LETTER

"NOZOX is the best thing I have ever used. It has cured my Chronic Catarrh when everything else had failed." J. J. Nash, 112 Washington Place, New York.

NOZOX FOR ASTHMA

If you have Asthma, there isn't anything we can tell you about it you don't know better already, except the fact that NOZOX Does Give Relief, such relief as you probably have never experienced from anything else. Reading what we write will not help you unless we can persuade you to try NOZOX. Get a can at your druggist - Try It - If it doesn't relieve you we will give you back your money. What more can we do? Tell us and we'll do it, because we know NOZOX and what it will do, and want every Asthmatic to try it and get the great benefit it will be to him.

READ THIS LETTER

"I had almost given up hope of relief after suffering with Asthma for 30 years until I found NOZOX, and I can now say to all sufferers that NOZOX will give you relief and cure you." Henry Adams, 242 W. 65th St., New York.

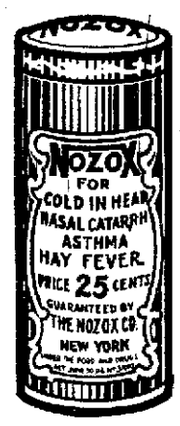
NOZOX FOR HAY FEVER

It's a positive crime for any one to hold out promises of relief and cure to any sufferer from Hay Fever unless he has a remedy that actually will relieve it. NOZOX positively has relieved and cured hundreds and hundreds of cases in New York City alone. Where NOZOX is taken well ahead of the usual time for your Hay Fever, or Rose Fever, the attack is skipped entirely, or you have it only very lightly. But in every case there is the greatest relief. We have proof of these statements for anyone who asks it.

All we can add is TRY NOZOX, give NOZOX a chance to show you that it will help you as nothing else has done. NOZOX has meant the the first comfortable Summer and Fall at home for many a Hay Fever and Asthma sufferer.

READ THIS LETTER

"This is the first instance in over 20 years that I have been entirely relieved of the almost insufferable conditions attendant upon so aggravated a case of Fever as I am subject to." A. Deutschbeyer, Hartford, Conn.



NOZOX is in powder form and the top of the metal can is perforated so that you can sniff it up directly out of the can. Some prefer to sift a little into the palm of the hand and then sniff it up. NOZOX contains no morphine, opium, cocaine or any of the derivatives. It is antiseptic and germ destroying.

The more special purpose of this particular NOZOX advertisement is to familiarize you with the NOZOX PACKAGE, so that when you ask the druggist for NOZOX you will know positively you are getting the genuine NOZOX. NOZOX is our trade mark. Please see that NOZOX is on every package and can you buy.

We have at our office, files filled with testimonial letters from all over creation that we are always glad to show you or any one you may send to see them. A few have been printed by permission. Ask the druggist for them or write us. NOZOX is made only by The NOZOX Laboratory, New York, and is sold by all leading druggists. Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

THIS IS EXACT APPEARANCE OF THE CAN

Sold in Clearfield, Pa., by Irwin Drug Co.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

PERSONAL MENTION

James Albert Crummy, of McVeytown, Pa., and Miss Bessie May Rowles, of Woodland, were married on Tuesday evening, Nov. 25 in the United Brethern parsonage by the Rev. E. G. Spessard.

WITHIN THE LAW

Continued from page 2

yawning maid. As Mary read the roughly scrawled message, she was caught in the grip of terror. The man who had saved her from death had yielded to temptation. As he had saved her so she must save him. She hurried into the gown she had just put off. Then she went to the telephone book and searched for the number of Gilder's house.

* * * * * * *

A few moments before Mary Turner received the note from the hands of the sleepy maid one of the leaves

Dacey With a Ferret Face.

of the octagonal window in the library of Richard Gilder's town house swung open under the persuasive influence of a thin rod of steel, cunningly used, and Joe Garson stepped confidently into the dark room.

For a space he rested motionless, listening intently. Reassured, he drew out an electric torch and set it glowing. A little disk of light touched here and there about the room, traveling very swiftly and in methodical circles. Satisfied by the survey, Garson crossed to the hall door, where he listened for any sound of life without and found none. The door into the passage that led to the storeroom where the detectives waited next engaged his businesslike attention. And here again there was naught to provoke his suspicion.

It seemed to him that everything was in readiness for the coming of his associates. There remained only to give them the signal in the room around the corner where they waited at a telephone. He seated himself in Gilder's chair at the desk and drew the telephone to him.

"Give me 999 Bryant," he said. There was a little wait. Then an answer in a voice he knew came over the wire.

Garson picked up a penholder from the desk and began tapping lightly on the rim of the transmitter. It was a code message in Morse. In the room around the corner the tapping sounded clearly, ticking out the message that the way was free for the thieves' coming.

For a final safeguard Garson searched for and found the telephone bell box and unscrewed the bells, which he placed on the desk. He then took his pistol from his hip pocket and thrust it into the right side pocket of his coat. Once again, now, he produced the electric torch and lighted it as he extinguished the lamp on the table.

He then went to the door into the hall, opened it and, leaving it ajar, made his way in silence to the outer doorway. The doors there were freed of their bolts, and one of them swung wide. So nicely had the affair been timed that hardly was the door open before the three men slipped in and stood mute and motionless in the hall while Garson refastened the doors. Then Garson walked quickly back to the library. Behind him, with steps as noiseless as his own, came the three men.

When all were gathered in the library Garson shut the hall door, touched the button in the wall beside it, and the chandelier threw its radiant light on the group.

Griggs was in evening clothes, seeming a very elegant young gentleman indeed, but his two companions were of grosser type as far as appearances went: one, Dacey, thin and wiry, with a ferret face; the other, Chicago Red, a brawny ruffian, whose stolid features nevertheless exhibited something of half sullen good nature.

"Everything all right so far," Garson said rapidly. He turned to Griggs and pointed toward the heavy hangings that shrouded the octagonal window. "Are those the things we want?" he demanded.

"Dad, Mary and I were married this morning."

"Yes," was the [illegible]

"Well, then, we've [illegible] to get busy."

Before he could act on a direction he was halted by a soft buzzing from the telephone. For an instant he hesitated while the others regarded him doubtfully.

"We've got to take a chance," Garson went to the desk and put the receiver to his ear.

There came again the faint tapping of some one at the other end of the line, signaling a message in the Morse code. An expression of blank amazement, which grew in a flash to deep concern, showed on Garson's face as he listened intently.

"Why, this is Mary calling," he muttered.

"Mary!" Griggs cried.

"Yes, she's on," Garson interpreted a moment later as the tapping ceased for a little. He translated in a loud whisper as the irregular ticking noise sounded again.

"I shall be there almost at once. I am sending this message from the drug store around the corner. Have some one open the door for me immediately."

"She's coming over!" Griggs cried incredulously.

"No. I'll stop her," Garson declared firmly.

But when after tapping a few words the forger paused for the reply no sound came.

"She don't answer!" he exclaimed.

"On her way already," Griggs suggested. "I'll let her in." He drew a small torch from the skirt pocket of his coat and crossed to the hall door as Garson nodded assent.

"God! Why did she have to come?" Garson muttered, filled with forebodings. "If anything should go wrong now!"

He turned back toward the door just as it opened, and Mary darted into the room, with Griggs following closely at her heels.

"What do you want here?" he demanded, with peremptory savageness in his voice, which was a tone he had never hitherto used in addressing her.

There was only tender pleading in Mary's voice, though her words were an arraignment.

"Joe, you lied to me!"

"That can be settled later!" the man snapped. His jaw was thrust forward obstinately, and his clear eyes sparkled defiantly.

"You are fools, all of you!" Mary cried. "Yes, fools! This is burglary. I can't protect you if you are caught. How can I? Oh, come!" She held out her hands pleadingly toward Garson, and her voice dropped to beseeching. "Joe, Joe, you must get away from this house at once, all of you! Joe, make them go!"

"It's too late," was the stern answer. "We're here now, and we'll stay till the business is done."

"Joe, for my sake!"

"I can't quit now until we've got what we came here after," he declared roughly.

"Boys, let's get away! Please, oh,

"This is Mary calling," Garson muttered.

please! Joe, for God's sake!" Her tone was a sob.

"I'm going to see this through," said Garson doggedly.

With a gesture of despair she turned away toward the door by which she had entered.

"You can't go," Garson said sharply. "You might be caught."

"And if I were," Mary demanded in a flash of indignation, "do you think I'd tell?"

"Of course not, Mary. I know you. You would go up for life first. Just the same, you can't take any chances. We'll all get away in a minute and you'll come with us." He turned to the men and spoke with swift authority.

"Come," he said to Dacey, "you get to the light switch there by the hall door. If you hear me snap my fingers, turn 'em off. Understand?"

With instant obedience the man went to his station by the hall door.

"Red," Garson ordered, "you get to that door." He pointed to the one that gave on the passageway against which he had set the chairs piled. As the man obeyed Garson gave further instructions.

"If any one comes in that way get him and go like [illegible]. You understand? Don't let him cry out or make a sound."

Chicago Red held up his huge hand, widely open.

"Not a chance," he declared promptly, "with that over his mug."

"Now, let's get to work," Garson continued eagerly.

Mary spoke with the bitterness of defeat.

"Listen, Joe! If you do this I'm through with you. I quit."

"If this goes through," he countered, "we'll all quit. That's why I'm doing it. I'm sick of the game."

To be Continued.

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CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the 18th day of December next by Warren Partridge, Frank E. Taylor and James P. O'Laughlin, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th, 1874, and supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Graham Township Light, Heat & Power Company, the character and object of which is for the purpose of manufacturing and supplying light, heat and power or either of them by electricity to the public in Graham Township, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, and to such persons, partnerships and corporations residing therein or adjacent thereto as may desire the same and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

MURRAY & O'LAUGHLIN,
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REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Jerry Hegarty, to Robert M. Shaffo,, land in Bigler twp. $150.

Newton Lee to John W. Lee, land in New Washington. $300.

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W. M. Kligg and Rena Mento, both of Ginter, Pa.

Sampson Bloom, of Kerrmoore, and Luelia Kyler, of Bigler.

Henry M. Heurix and Amy Cromwell, both of Detroit.

Homer Butterbaugh and Eulalia Quick, both of DuBois.

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MURRAY & O'LAUGHLIN
Solicitors

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New and Second Hand Furniture Store

Will save you money on all kinds of Furniture.

Come in and see the nice Furniture we have, 212 Reed St.

Clearfield

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Delicious Healthful

are made with Royal Baking Powder, and are most appetizing, healthful and digestible foods.

Hot biscuit made with impure and adulterated baking powder are not so appetizing, nor so wholesome.

It all depends upon the baking powder.

Take every care to have your biscuit made with Royal, which is a pure cream of tartar baking powder, if you would avoid indigestion.

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For handling accounts in a prompt and reliable manner---this bank solicits the business of corporations, firms and individuals.

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U. S. Depository

The County National Bank
OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

Capital, Surplus and Profits,	$1,065,000
Total Resources	4,000,000

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The commercial accounts of business men are especially welcomed by this bank.

The amount of its invested capital and the extent of its total resources have enabled it in the past to meet the needs of its depositors and insure its ability to do so for the future.

The officers will appreciate an opportunity to discuss your banking needs with you.

¶ The Library Association of Clearfield is working under the supervision of the State Library Commission. The State is willing and anxious to give Clearfield all the help possible.

¶ Shall we accept this help, for which YOU pay taxes, or pass it on to some more wide awake town?

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MEDIATE STRIKE OF ELECTRIC WORKERS

State Officials Take Hand In Schenectady Troubles.

Schenectady N Y N ... **Sam** C Rogers and ... of the board of mediation and arbitration of the state labor department arrived here in an effort to settle the **strike** of the 14,000 employees of the **General** Electric company They said **that James M Lynch, state labor commissioner**, who was asked by Governor **Glynn to endeavor to bring about an amicable settlement, was ready to come to this city should his presence be deemed** necessary

A conference between company officials the strike committee and George R. Lunn the Socialist mayor of the city was planned

The threatened sympathetic strike of employees of the Schenectady Railway company ... The trolley cars run for a short distance on General Electric company property and strike ... had urged the conductors and motormen to tie up the lines ... do but the trolleys stop at the ... line just outside the company's grounds discharged their passengers and ran empty around the loop near the General Electric gates

It was pay day at the plant and the strikers planned to march in a body to the offices and receive their wages for last week

U. S. Sailor Shoots Himself.

Nice, Nov 29.—Seaman L. M. Brush aged nineteen, of the United States battleship Utah, anchored in Villefranche harbor, attempted suicide at a hotel here by shooting himself with a revolver He wished to die because of ill health

You may chisel a boy into shape, as **you** would a rock, or hammer him into **it, if** he be of a better material, as **you** would a piece of bronze **But you cannot hammer a girl into anything.— John Ruskin**

Insist on the **Best**

Mother's Bread

Will fill every requirement

CITY BAKERY

NO 12 THIRD ST.

Clearfield, Penn'a.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 30, 1913.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Josh iii, 7-17 Memory Verses 12 13—Golden Text, Isa. xli, 10—Commentary by Rev D M. Stearns.

In our last lesson we saw Joshua **specially** commissioned and encouraged as Israel's new leader The remainder of the chapter told of his reminder to the Reubenites, the Gadites **and the half tribe of Manasseh, who had** received their inheritance under **Moses on the east of Jordan that they should** leave **their wives, their families and their** cattle and cross the Jor**dan with their brethren until they, too should receive their inheritance**

The two and a half tribes stood by their agreement and encouraged Joshua with good words It is worth noting that the oft quoted text Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num xxxii 23), is in connection with the possible **failure** of the two and a half tribes to help their brethren to find rest It may well apply to believers who fail to carry the Bread of Life to those who have never heard of Him Chapter ii tells us of Rahab, her faith in the God of Israel, her kindness to the two spies, her desire for the safety of her household and her promptness in binding the scarlet line in her window (ii, 11 13, 18, 21) Honorable mention of her is found in Heb xi 31, Jas ii, 23 25 She became the mother of Boaz, who married Ruth and therefore the great grandmother of David (Matt i, 5; Ruth iv, 21, 22)

It is possible that Salmon, her husband, may have been one of the two spies whom she hid She certainly lied, and her sin is not excused or overlooked, but she truly repented, and there is forgiveness for all such

Josh. iii tells of the passing through Jordan, and chapter iv tells of the twelve stones set up in the bed of Jordan and at Gilgal We must ever keep in mind the reason ... of all God's dealings with Israel That all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord that it is mighty and that they might fear the Lord God of Israel (Josh iv 24 see also I Kings viii 43 60, II Kings xix 19 Ps cvi 8)

If believers were living to honor the **Lord** more would testify as Rahab did, "I know * * * for we have heard * * * the Lord your God, He is God in heaven above and in the earth beneath" chapter ii 8-11) The central object of our two lesson chapters today is "the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth" (iii, 11), mentioned ten times in chapter iii and seven times in chapter iv The central person is the living God (iii 10), who is called by that name at least seven times (Deut v, 26; I Sam xvii, 26, II Kings xix, 4; Hos. i, 10, Matt xvi, 16; I Thess i, 9, and in our lesson)

The great event is the crossing through Jordan on dry land. The great human instrument is Joshua concerning whom the Lord said "This day will I begin to magnify thee in the sight of all Israel that they may know that as I was with Moses so I will be with thee (iii 7) Those who honor the Lord He will honor

This is another third day story (verse 2, see also ii 16 22) It may not appeal to some but to me all safety and victory ... is associated with the greatest third day event in all history the resurrection of our Lord from the dead for if He be not risen all is vain

Jordan signifies river of judgment **The twelve** stones of Gilgal suggest **risen with Christ** all reproach rolled **away (v, 9)** The ark of the covenant **was the** most remarkable type of Christ **in** the whole tabernacle, although every **whit** of it spoke of Him What could **be more** suggestive of all safety depending upon Christ than the ark upon the shoulders of the priests in the midst of Jordan until everything was finished and all the people were clean passed over (iii 10 11

The priests ... the ark had to step into the water ... stood up ... and ran off ... er (verses ... 17) This ... a trial of their faith ... dividing of the Red sea which seems to have divided before the people came actually to it

As we go in life's journey our faith should be ever increasing but He always deals with us as we are able, though longing oft times that we might have greater faith and grieved by our little faith, as He often was with His disciples (Matt vi 30 viii 26 xiv 31; xvi, 8) while the only two who pleased Him by great faith were the Roman **centurion** and the woman of Tyre and **Sidon** both gentiles It is profitable **to notice that they were to watch the ark that they might know the way by which they should go (iii 3, 4), and we are reminded of our instructions in Heb xii, 1 2, to run with patience, looking unto Jesus and to consider Him who endured** In the summer of 1873 **I heard** a sermon on the last clause of **verse 4** at St Catharines Canada, "For **ye** have not passed this way heretofore" which has been a blessing to me ever since

It is certainly good for a new year or any new departure but it is equally good for every day of life for every day is an untrodden way and we never know the way and need to acknowledge Him in all our ways that He may direct our paths for it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps (Prov iii 6 Jer x 23)

D. F. GUELICH
DEALER IN
...COAL...

Mines close to town Coal from the famous Moshannon vein, Also other veins suitable for steam and domestic purposes. A postal addressed to D. F. Guelich, Clearfield R F. D. No 2, will bring you a load of coal promptly H & C Phone

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Sanitary Plumbing, Tinning, Heating and Ventilating.

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CLEARFIELD, - PENN'A

For Your Thanksgiving Feast

We Will Have a Nice Lot of Good Things

Celery Cranberries Lettuce Oysters Dressed Chicken Sweet Potatoes Solid Cabbage Royal Scarlet Peas Asparagus Tips Plum Pudding Heinz Mince Meat plain and stuffed Olives boiled Cider new seeded Raisins currants citron lemon peel Swans down cake flour Walnut Almond and Pecan Nut meats, new walnuts almonds and Pili nuts cluster raisins white grapes grape fruit Florida oranges bananas

Kindly leave us have your orders early Our store will be closed all day on Thanksgiving Day Open Wednesday evening

BEAHAN'S

LIVER PILLS

Sugar-coated and all vegetable. Dose, only one pill at bedtime. For constipation, bilious headache, indigestion. *Ayer's Pills.* Sold for 60 years. Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co. Lowell Mass.

It is time to be thinking about those Xmas photos. Have the McDowel' Studio make them for you Nov 21—24t

GROCERY SPECIALTIES

Williamsport Sausage
Beef Tongue sliced while you wait
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A good line of home made pies doughnuts, salads etc

Try a loaf of Mrs. Kerin's home made bread

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

OVERCOATS ! OVERCOATS !

Men's Long Fancy Overcoats Shawl Collars and Convertible Collars --- Grays, Tans, Plaids and Chinchillas

$8.00, $10.00, $12.00, $15.00, $18.00, $20.00, $25.00, $28.00, $30.00 and $35.00

BOYS' OVERCOATS, Same Styles, $3 to $12

¶ Headquarters for Sweater Coats, Mackinaw Coats and Raincoats.
¶ Flegal's for Suits, Coats and Overcoats

H. J. FLEGAL, Second Street

ROSS & WOODS :-: ROSS & WOODS

A beautiful line of Table Linens and Napkins from one of the best linen specialty manufacturers and priced at the lowest figures 25c to $2.50 yd. Napkins 75c to $4.00 dozen.

A Good Ribbon Department

We are greatly pleased with the nice increase of sales in our Ribbon dept. Ribbons from 1c to 75c yd.

TWO SPECIALS JUST ARRIVED

No. 1 Fancy Ribbons values to 40c yd. at 25c yd.
No. 2 Fancy Ribbons values to 30c yd. at 19c yd.

Good values in Furs, Blankets, Underware, Trunks, Suit Cases, Neckwear, Dress Goods, Shoes, Rubbers, Slippers, Jewelry Sundries, Combs, Aprons, Linoleums and Oil Cloths. Another shipment of 9x12 Matting Rugs at $2.50

ROSS & WOODS

Big Reductions on all ladies' millinery and trimmed hats this week

Robinson & Co
SAVES YOU MONEY

Men's Fleeced lined Underwear 39c. Boys fleece lined underwear 18c This week

Young Man

That Suit or Overcoat is now ready for you at a saving of from $5 to $10.

We can prove it. Just call and let us show you the famous A. B. Kirschbaum, and Schloss Bros. & Co., Clothes. Shoes to fit anyone, Furnishings, etc.

Ladies

Our coats will just suit you and the price is lower than any in the county.

Our coats for the children are the newest with belt effect.

Suits at **$11.50** that were $20.00 to $25.00, these are samples and well worth the money.

Shoes of all kinds for the entire family

ROBINSON & COMPANY NEXT TO WINDSOR HOTEL CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

SPORTSMEN'S HEADQUARTERS REPAIR SHOP

A QUARTER

IS the price of a pocket cigar lighter. Small, compact and a sure lighter. The newest article on the market. A household lighter to fasten on the wall 75c. Fancy ash trays with lighter combined $1.50 and $3. No parts to be renewed.

VISOR COATS

THE latest sweater; one with a combination neck, giving their different type collars. Come in and look at them. Prices from $5 to $6.50 according to weight. Other sweaters $1.25 to $8. We still have a nice stock of shotguns and rifles to select from.

Opposite Witmer Inn **HARDER'S GUN WORKS** Clearfield, Penn'a

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THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII | Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Saturday, November 29, 1913 | Number 94

HUERTA'S POWER RAPIDLY FAILING

Rebel Troops Advancing Toward Mexican Capital.

DICTATOR CRUSHING FOES.

One Hundred Men Jailed For Plotting With Rebels to Seize Capital When Troops Leave—News of Defeats of Federals Are Suppressed by the Leaders.

City of Mexico, Nov. 29.—Reports of federal disasters in all parts of the republic indicate that General Huerta's dictatorship is crumbling.

The most conservative of observers here say that Christmas will see a new government in the City of Mexico.

It is believed that Huerta sees the handwriting on the wall, but is determined to fight to the last. It is his policy to crush every suspected person within his reach.

One hundred imprisoned deputies, some of whom are accused of dealing with rebels who have been released upon habeas corpus writs, are "incomunicado." They are locked in separate cells, and no one, not even members of their families, is allowed to communicate with them. It is believed that several will be executed without further ceremony.

Hitherto the deputies have been allowed the liberty of the penitentiary. It is understood the explanation Huerta will give of the drastic action and probably of executions will be the discovery of a plot to seize the City of Mexico as soon as the main body of federal troops departed on the northern expedition.

News of Defeats Suppressed.

Fearing the moral effect of the news of rebel success, the fortune of the fighting in the north is suppressed as much as possible. After many denials it has been admitted by the government that Victoria, the capital of Tamaulipas, has been razed to the ground by rebels, that General Rubio Navarette's command has been cut to pieces at La Cruz, north of Victoria, and that the road has been opened for the Constitutionalist advance upon Tampico.

The destruction of Victoria is complete, the rebels having dynamited such buildings as were of solid construction. General Rabago lost 200 men before giving way before the rebel commanders, Pablo Gonzales and Jesus Carranza. General Navarette's command, marching to the relief of Victoria, was ambushed by Gonzales and Carranza at La Cruz. The federals were trapped in a ravine into which the rebels poured a terrific fire, almost wiping out the Huertaistas.

Tuxpan was reported to have fallen into the hands of General Aguilar, and from Mexico City it is difficult to see how Tampico can be saved. On the advance to Tampico the rebels carried trainloads of loot and many women.

Heavy fighting is reported at Carneros, south of Saltillo. From the same place comes a dispatch that rebels have blown up a troop train carrying 300 federals. All the soldiers who were not killed in the explosion were massacred by the rebels and their bodies thrown into the burning wreckage.

SUFFRAGISTS TO QUIZ WILSON

Want Expression From President as to His Attitude on the Issue.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Another suffragist delegation is to visit the White House next week in an effort to obtain an expression from President Wilson as to his stand on the suffrage question. Plans for the visit have already been made at the headquarters here of the National American Woman Suffrage association.

"We intend to obtain a definite statement of the Democratic administration's attitude toward woman suffrage," said Mrs. Jessie Hardy Stubbs. "We will try to see the president at his convenience, but we are going to see him, just as the New Jersey delegation did.

"Our national convention will be meeting next week at the psychological moment when the president will be reading his message to congress and his statement on woman suffrage."

TRAINS CRASH IN FOG.

No One Hurt in Collision on the Burlington Road.

Galesburg, Ill., Nov. 29.—Dashing toward Chicago in a dense fog an east bound fast mail train on the Burlington road crashed into a freight train at Wataka, six miles east of here.

Both locomotives were reduced to scrap iron. The entire crews escaped by jumping and no one was hurt.

Spain's Grapes.

Spain annually uses the huge quantity of 275,000 tons of grapes for making other products than wine.

TWO MACHINES COLLIDE

Drunken Negro Locked up For His Recklessness Today.

A drunken negro, said to have taken out D. W. Anderson's auto while he, the negro was drunk and without the permission of Mr. Anderson, collided with the auto of H B. Hartswick in front of the court house this afternoon, seriously damaging the Anderson car.

The negro was locked up for running without a license, being drunk and taking a car without the permission of the owner, all serious offenses.

TRAFFIC STOPS FOR FINLEY.

Not a Wheel Turns on Southern Railway as Funeral Starts.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Every wheel on the Southern railway stopped for five minutes, beginning at 11 o'clock, as a mark of respect for the memory of W. W. Finley, the late president of the road.

The funeral services were held at St. John's Episcopal church here at that time. All the Finley negro servants rode in carriages and had places in the church.

Engagement Announced.

Mrs Frank G. Harris entertained the Friday afternoon sewing club yesterday, announcing the engagemen of Miss Isabelle Bender, daughter of Rev. Dr. Bender, of Trinity Methodist church, tto Prof. Ross Banchoff, of Chambersburg. The wedding will take place December 24.

DR. ASH D. BENNETT DIES IN CLEARFIELD

Prominent Physician Expires at Son's Home

Dr. Ashley D. Bennett died at the residence of his son, Dr. F. Guerney Bennett, on Market street this morning at 4 o'clock of infirmities resulting from old age. Dr. Bennett would have been 77 years old had he lived another week.

Dr. Ashley Bennett was one of the most prominent citizens of Clearfield county when he was in his prime. We came to this county in 1863, having graduated in medicine in 1860. He located in New Washington, and for the better part of his life resided in that town, practicing his profession in the neighborhood. He was a leading physician of this part of the West Branch valley being often called in consultation with prominent physicians in Clearfield borough and other places in the county, his skill being recognized by his brother practitioners.

Dr. Bennett had an enviable war record, entering the army as a surgeon and remaining until Lee's surrender at Appomattox. His skill as a surgeon won him distinction and honors. At the close of the war he his practice at New Washington.

Dr. Bennett served Clearfield county in the legislature from 1879 to 1880 and gave his constituents entire satisfaction. His death, although anticipated for some time, came as a shock to his many friends in this county.

Mrs. Bennett, nee Miss Sue Showers, of Williamsport, who died four or five years ago, and since then the doctor had generally made his home with his son in Clearfield. Two sons survive Dr. L. G., in Clearfield, and W. I. near Ellsworth, Nebraska. Funeral arrangements wil be made as soon as communication can be had with the son in Nebraska.

GRAMPIAN.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Spencer visited J. I. Spencer's on Sunday.

T. E. Wall's visited Edward Spencer's on Sunday.

Mrs Annia Caldwell left here Saturday for Boston, Mass. where she expects to make her future home

J. W. Sceurman, left Monday evening for Pittsburgh, where he spent Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Spencer visited E. A. Spencer's on Sunday.

M. E. aid met at Mrs. John Wriglesworth's Wednesday.

Lucy Spencer spent Sunday with Ethel Spencer.

A. W. Leonardson, of Clearfield, was in town Tuesday.

Vern Shuss left Tuesday for Curry to visit his parents.

And at that there is some danger that if Huerta resigns his Mexican job he will enter vaudeville.

ARMY-NAVY GAME TO CLOSE SEASON

Future Sailors and Soldiers Ready For the Fray.

PRESIDENT TO SEE CONTEST

Two Elevens Confident on Eve of Battle—Light Practice Indulged In. Prospect For Bad Weather Did Not Dampen Spirits—Navy Picked to Win.

New York, Nov. 29.—The West Point football squad, forty strong, with manager, coaches and trainer, arrived in fine shape. They went direct to the Hotel Astor at Forty-fourth street and Broadway, which will be their head quarters until they leave on their return trip on Sunday noon.

There were forty players in the squad and eight coaches, including Charlie Daly, head coach and an old Harvard quarterback.

The Navy team was in possession of the Hotel Vanderbilt. Coaches, players, "old grads" and friends gathered in the lobby where the team sat. Everybody seemed confident and in good spirits. One of the substitutes played ragtime.

Captain Gilchrist, right end, said the Navy team was in first class shape and thoroughly coached. "If we lose the game," he said, "I shall lay it to the players and not to the coaches. I am making no prophecies."

The Navy team did not seem discouraged by the prospect of a wet day. Members of their squad said that they were accustomed to playing in fogs and that they have heavy halfbacks and do not use the open style of play as much as West Point, and believe that wet weather will be more detrimental to West Point than to them.

President and Newly Weds There.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bowes Sayre accompanied President Wilson to New York on a special train. The president will witness the Army-Navy football game, but the Sayres will only stop overnight in that city as they have engaged passage for a European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayre, who outwitted the press and the general public by getting away from the White House on Tuesday, returned to Washington and were driven to the White House in a taxicab. They reached this city on a train from Baltimore.

SEEKING RELEASE OF FORMER DICTATOR

Zelaya Still Held in Cell in New York Prison.

New York, Nov. 29.—Habeas corpus proceedings may be instituted in a fight to obtain the release of General Jose Santos Zelaya, the one time president and dictator of the republic of Nicaragua, who is being held a prisoner in the Tombs, following his arrest by federal officers on the request of the Nicaraguan government on a charge of murder

Unless the habeas corpus proceedings are started General Zelaya will have to remain in jail indefinitely, because the offense with which he is charged is not bailable. His counsel is expected to take action. Horacio Zelaya, the general's eldest son, could not state just what would be done, but said that the most expedient way of obtaining his father's release would be resorted to.

The one time dictator spent Thanksgiving day in a cell, following his arraignment before United States Commissioner Shields in the postoffice building and his being committed without the privilege of bail. General Zelaya was not in the least perturbed apparently.

"I will take all my medicine as a good soldier," he said, with a smile.

BEGIN TRIAL OF DR. CRAIG

College Professor Accused of Murder of Mrs. Knab.

Shelbyville, Ind., Nov. 29.—Fifty venire men from whom it is hoped to choose the jury which will decide the fate of Dr. William R. Craig, of Indianapolis, charged with the murder of La Helene Knab three years ago, responded to summons when the criminal court was convened here.

While the battery of attorneys engaged with the case declared that it may be several days before a jury is selected, it was expressed the opinion that the twelve men will be chosen before adjournment Friday night.

Of the fifty men summoned forty are farmers and eight are Shelbyville business men.

DR. WILEY IS CONSIDERING.

Offered Health Commissionership of New York by Mayor Elect.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Friends of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, formerly chief chemist of the department of agriculture and pure food expert, admitted that the doctor was considering an offer to become health commissioner of New York city.

Dr. Wiley is away on his Virginia farm, out of reach of telephone and telegraph, but is expected to return at once. None of the doctor's friends knew whether he would take the place, but said he had conferred once with the mayor elect, John Purroy Mitchel, and had been in correspondence with others in New York about the offer.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Ignatius Taschner, the sculptor, one of whose works was the Scottish memorial in St. Paul, Minn., died in Munich. He was forty-two years of age.

Charles Griswold, a wealthy resident of Palmyra, N. Y., chairman of the Wayne county board of supervisors, died of indigestion an hour after his Thanksgiving dinner.

After a brief illness William Grady, an old school politician who was associated for many years with the late Hugh McLaughlin, leader of the Kings county Democracy, died in Brooklyn. He was born in Ireland in 1844.

Rudolph Kleinjung, sixty-one, general manager and director of the New Jersey Worsted Spinning company of Garfield, N. J., and a director of the Graef Silk company of Paterson, died at Ridgewood, N. J., of heart failure.

Henry Greenwall, eighty-one, for years the oldest active theatrical manager in the United States, is dead in New Orleans. The career of Greenwall was as spectacular and strenuous as that of any great American producer. Forty-five years as manager and producer won him a name.

MADERA MURDERER IN THE COUNTY JAIL

Man Who Shot Italian Behind Prison Bars

Constable Alexander, of Madera, Friday evening brought to the county jail the man who is accused of killing another Italian at Madera Thursday night. Coroner Polluum held an inquest on the body of the murdered man Friday, and the correct names of the principals in the tragedy were revealed.

The man who did the shooting is named Germania Catillo and the name of the murdered man was Iquinetti. Catillo is said to have been living in Ohio, having deserted his wife in Italy, eventually marrying a woman at Madera. Returning from Ohio he is said to have found Iquinetti on friendly terms with the second wife, and the shooting resulted.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder against Catillo, and he was lodged in jail.

Winds of Wellington.

Australians boast that anywhere throughout the world their national call, "Coo-ee," will always be answered by a fellow Australian. A writer in the London Chronicle reports having heard it so given and answered in a London theater. "But other people from the antipodes have their signs of origin. If you see a man walking along and although a breeze does not stir the air he involuntarily holds his hat firmly to his head whenever he comes to a street corner you should greet him with the question, 'Well, and how are things in Wellington?' Thereupon he will fall upon your neck as a fellow New Zealander in London, for in Wellington the winds are so tempestuous that the habit of holding the hat firmly to one's head when passing a side street becomes second nature and proclaims the man from Wellington all over the world."

Brain and Bulk in School.

Two parents sat side by side at the school prize giving. They had been dragged there by their wives to see the distribution of prizes which had not been gained by their own children. It was an occasion of almost monumental dullness. Then, says the Manchester Guardian, one of them had a happy idea. He whispered to his friend, "I'll lay you two to one in sixpences that the second boy in each class is taller than the first boy." He won every time till his friend repudiated the wager in disgust.

"How did you know? Had you seen the list of prize winners?" he was asked.

"Well, I noticed when at school that brain and bulk never went together, and I thought it was worth speculating on today."

Stenographer Wanted—Young man who is efficient in stenography and typewriting may secure a good position by applying at the office of the Chamber of Commerce of Clearfield. Nov. 29. 3t.

REALTY CONCERN IN BANKRUPTCY

Holdings of Embarrassed Company Worth $25,000,000.

FRIENDLY SUIT INSTITUTED.

Creditors, After Meeting, Plan to Protect Bondholders Until Real Estate Market in New York Is Better—Controlled Many Large Apartment Houses.

New York, Nov. 29.—The New York Real Estate Security company, capitalized at $5,950,000, went into the hands of a receiver. A petition in bankruptcy was filed in the United States district court on behalf of Weschler & Kohn, Methul Realty company and Hugh McAtamney, all real estate agents.

Judge Hough named James N. Rosenberg as receiver. His bond of $50,000 was furnished by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty company.

Friendly Suit For Bondholders.

The court proceeding represented a friendly suit instituted as a step to protect bondholders. It was decided on at a meeting of a number of the concern's creditors when several mortgage holders called for immediate payments. The bankruptcy proceedings will stave off these payments for from six months to a year, by which time, it is hoped, the realty market will take a decided turn for the better.

The company had the control of sixty-two parcels of improved real estate, including several big apartment houses in Manhattan and the Bronx and the big building at 42 Broadway, where it maintained its offices.

In a statement given out following the decree of the court Gustavus A. Rogers of the law firm of Rogers & Rogers, counsel for the corporation, attributed the failure to "the unprecedented condition of the real estate and mortgage market."

According to counsel the company's holdings were worth over $20,000,000, possibly $25,000,000.

OUST FAKE AUCTIONEERS.

Boston Jewelers Would Raise the License Fee to $200 and Bond.

Boston, Nov. 29.—A mass meeting of leading Boston jewelers was held to protest against "fly by night" auctioneers who reap rich harvests among Christmas shoppers.

Boston jewelers propose to attack the "fake" auction men by raising the license fee for such sales from $2 to $200 and provide that they must post $3,000 bond. The mayor and police commissioner are interested in the crusade.

DEMOCRATS SOLID FOR CURRENCY BILL

Hitchcock Only Opponent of Senate Caucus Measure.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Rapid progress was made in the senate Democratic currency caucus toward completing the party caucus draft of the bill. Minor features of the Owen measure were approved with little discussion. Senators confidently believe they can finish their bill before Sunday in time for the day and night schedule of debate beginning on Monday on the senate floor.

Rebellion by certain Democrats against "caucus rule" upon the currency bill, opposing a binding caucus pledge to the caucus draft, diminished. It is believed every Democratic senator except Hitchcock will vote for the caucus bill upon final passage, although several Democrats may line up with the Republicans on certain amendments.

Sentiment in the caucus was almost overwhelmingly against providing for more than twelve regional banks. A compromise plan to give the federal reserve board the right to prescribe the number of banks at "not less than eight nor more than twelve" was considered.

Location of the regional reserve banks to be established by the new currency bill became a matter of pressing importance. The insistence of Senator Hoke Smith and Senator Bacon of Georgia that the territory tributary to Atlanta would not do business with a regional bank at New Orleans may force the conference to at least informally outline the districts and locations for the banks.

Newspaper Plant Burned.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Nov. 29.—The plant of the Daily American was destroyed by fire. The loss is $30,000.

JOSE ZELAYA.

Ex-Dictator of Nicaragua, Under Arrest in New York, May Be Given His Liberty.

Photo by American Press Association.

Jose Santos Zelaya, former dictator of Nicaragua, now under arrest in New York, may be freed at once. Solicitor Joseph W. Folk of the state department wrestled with the case, and, while he would not discuss it, it was learned through Corey Stadden, counsel for Zelaya, and Charles Douglas, counsel for the Nicaraguan government, that the Nicaraguan government had not furnished the state department with sufficient evidence to make out a case of murder. This picture shows Zelaya (on the right) as he was being arrested in New York.

Power of a Song.

Mme. Marchesi, speaking of the power of song, said: "I was singing at Edinburgh, where I have very good friends in the head master of a big public school and his wife, and it was arranged that I should have supper with them after the concert. One of my songs was Landon Ronald's 'Peace and Rest,' the idea of which is two lovers not separated by death, but lying together in the same tomb. When I came to supper with my friends my host said to me: 'Ah, Mme. Marchesi, that song you sang, "Peace and Rest," had a great effect upon me. I never thought before of my wife and I being separated by death'—I did not wonder at this, for he is a most happy man, full of joy of life—'but since I heard you sing that song I have been thinking hard, and tomorrow I am going to buy a family vault.' I scarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry, but in the end we all laughed. And, surely this would be hard to beat for an example of 'what a song can do.'"

Perjury Penalties.

Perjury, besides being one of the oldest of offenses in the catalogue of crime, has always been very severely punished. In the days of the Roman empire any one who committed perjury was thrown from a precipice, while the Greeks branded their false swearers. It is interesting to note that when the latter embraced the Christian religion the punishment was altered to that of having the tongue cut out, a sort of punishment which was considered to fit the crime in the early centuries. In the middle ages some countries adopted the system of giving the perjurer the punishment for the crime he falsely accused another of. Thus if he swore a neighbor had committed murder and the charge was disproved the perjurer would be sentenced to death, and the other penalties of the penal code were exacted for the particular crime alleged.

The Stone Age.

The stone age still exists among some of the islanders of the south Pacific and the Eskimos of the extreme north as well as in a few other spots here and there on earth. The progress of early culture in Europe seems to have been from the south and east toward the north and west, so that the emergence of the different peoples from their age of stone was accomplished much earlier in southern and eastern Europe than in the north and west. But, while the stone age of different areas is thus not necessarily synchronous, it seems to be true of all European areas that this is the earliest condition in which man has appeared upon them. This holds for all other areas as well, evidences of the stone age having been fully established in India, China, Japan, Africa and the Americas.

He Who Spares Vice.

He who spares vice or apologizes for it in the places of the world wrongs virtue in every place. He helps the good to look upon it leniently, and thus to lower the tone of morality within themselves. He assists the bad to make it respectable, and thus to give the warrant and license in its imitation, and even in its emulation. He discourages virtue in the humble and poor, the great masses, who form the real basis of society and upon whose goodness and truth the state must rely for its character before the world

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Friday, November 28.

COMING EVENTS.

Bazaar, Y. M. C. A. hall, Dec. 6.

WITHIN THE LAW

Gilder looked at his son with a strange, new respect.

"Dick," he cried—"boy, you are all I have in the world. You will have to free yourself from this woman somehow. You owe me that much."

"I owe something to her, too, dad."

"What can you owe her? She tricked you into the marriage. Why, legally it's not even that. There's been nothing more than a wedding ceremony. We must get you out of the scrape."

"I'm not sure that I want to get out of it, father."

"You want to stay married to this jail bird!"

"I'm very fond of her."

"Now that you know?"

"Now that I know," Dick said distinctly. "Don't you see, father? Why, she is justified in a way—in her own mind anyhow, I mean. She was innocent when she was sent to prison."

"Don't talk to me about her innocence. There's only one course open to you, my boy. You must give this girl up. If you don't what are you going to do the day your wife is thrown into a patrol wagon and carried to police headquarters, for it's sure to happen? The cleverest of people make mistakes, and some day she'll make one."

Dick threw out his hands in a gesture of supreme denial. But the father went on remorselessly.

"They will stand her up where the detectives will walk past her with

"I owe something to her, too, dad."

masks on their faces. Her picture, of course, is already in the rogues' gallery, but they will take another—yes, and the imprints of her fingers and the measurements of her body."

The son was writhing under the words. The woman of whom these things were said was the woman whom he loved. Yet every word had in it the piercing, horrible sting of truth.

"That's what they will do to your wife," Gilder went on harshly, "to the woman who bears your name and mine. What are you going to do about it?"

"It will never happen. She will go straight, dad. That I know. You would know it if you only knew her as I do."

Gilder was in despair. What argument could avail him? He cried out sharply in desperation.

"Do you realize what you're doing? Don't go to smash, Dick, just at the beginning of your life. Oh, I beg you, boy, stop. Put this girl out of your thoughts and start fresh. You're all I have, my boy."

"Yes, dad," came the answer. "If I could avoid it I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world. I'm sorry, dad, awfully sorry." He hesitated, then his voice rang out clearly: "But I must fight this out by myself—fight it out in my own way. And I'm going to do it!"

The butler entered.

"A man to see you, sir," he said.

The master took the card. "Very well," he said, "show him up." His glance met the wondering gaze of his son.

"It's Burke," he explained.

"What on earth can he want—at this time of night?" Dick exclaimed.

"You may as well get used to visits from the police."

A moment later Inspector Burke entered the room.

"She's skipped!" he said triumphantly.

Dick made a step forward. His eyes flashed, and there was anger in his voice as he replied:

"I don't believe it."

"She left this morning for Chicago," Burke said, lying with a manner that long habit rendered altogether convincing. "I told you she'd go." He turned to the father and spoke with an air of boastful good nature. "Now, all you have to do is to get this boy out of the scrape and you'll be all right."

"If we only could!" The cry came with deepest earnestness from the lips of Gilder, but there was little hope in his voice.

"I guess we can find a way to have the marriage annulled or whatever they do to marriages that don't take," said Burke.

The brutal assurance of the man in thus referring to things that were sacred moved Dick to wrath.

"Don't you interfere," he said.

Nevertheless Burke held to the topic.

"Interfere! Huh!" he ejaculated, grinning broadly. "Why, that's what I'm paid to do. Listen to me, son. The minute you begin mixing up with crooks you ain't in a position to give orders to any one. The crooks have got no rights in the eyes of the police. Just remember that."

But Dick was not listening. His thoughts were again wholly with the woman he loved, who, as the inspector declared, had fled from him.

"Where's she gone in Chicago?"

Burke answered in his usual gruff fashion, but with a note of kindliness that was not without its effect on Dick.

"I'm no mind reader," he said. "But she'll probably stop at the Blackstone—that is, until the Chicago police are tipped off that she is in town."

The face of the young man took on a totally different expression. He went close to the inspector and spoke with intense seriousness.

"Burke," he said pleadingly, "give me a chance. I'll leave for Chicago in the morning. Give me twenty-four hours start before you begin hounding her."

The inspector smiled acquiescence.

"Seems reasonable," he admitted.

"No, no, Dick!" the father cried. "You shall not go! You shall not go!"

The inspector shot a word of warning to Gilder in an aside that Dick could not hear.

"Keep still," he replied. "It's all right."

"You give me your word, inspector," Dick said, "that you won't notify the police in Chicago until I've been there twenty-four hours?"

"You're on," Burke replied genially. "They won't get a whisper out of me until the time is up."

"Then I'll go." Dick smiled rather wanly at his father. "You know, dad, I'm sorry, but I've got to do what I think is the right thing."

It was not until the door was closed after Dick that Burke spoke.

"He'll go to Chicago in the morning, you think, don't you?" he asked.

"Certainly," Gilder answered. "But I don't like it."

"Best thing that could have happened! You see, he won't find her there."

"Where did she go then?" Gilder queried, wholly at a loss.

"Nowhere yet. But just about the time he's starting for the west I'll have her down at headquarters. Demarest will have her indicted before noon. She'll go to trial in the afternoon, and tomorrow night she'll be sleeping up the river. That's where she is going."

Gilder stood motionless for a moment. "But," he said wonderingly, "you can't do that."

"Well, perhaps I can't, but I will!" Suddenly his face grew hard. His heavy jaw shot forward aggressively as he spoke.

"Think I'm going to let that girl make a joke of the police department? Why, I'm here to get her, to stop her anyhow. Her gang is going to break into your house tonight."

"What?" Gilder demanded. "You mean she's coming here as a thief?"

"Not exactly," Inspector Burke confessed, "but her pals are coming to try to pull off something right here. She wouldn't come, not if I know her. She's too clever for that. Why, if she knew what Garson was planning to do, she'd stop him."

The inspector paused suddenly. For a long minute his face was seamed with thought. Then he smote his thigh with a blow strong enough to kill an ox. His face was radiant.

"I've got her!" he cried. He went to the desk where the telephone was and took up the receiver.

"Give me 3100 Spring," he said. As he waited for the connection he smiled widely on the astonished Gilder.

"Headquarters?" he called. "Inspector Burke speaking. Who's in my office? I want him quick." He smiled as he listened, and he spoke again to Gilder. "It's Smith, the best man I have. That's luck, if you ask me." Then again he spoke into the mouthpiece of the telephone.

"Oh, Ed, send some one up to that Turner woman. You have the address. Just see that she is tipped off that Joe Garson and some pals are going to break into Edward Gilder's house tonight. Get some stool pigeon to hand her the information. You'd better get to work quick. Understand?"

The inspector hung up the receiver and faced his host with a contented smile.

"What good will all that do?" Gilder demanded impatiently.

"She'll come to stop 'em. When we get the rest of the gang we'll grab her too. Just call your man for a minute, will you, Mr. Gilder?"

Gilder pressed the electric button on his desk. At the same moment, through the octagonal window, came a blinding flash of light that rested for seconds, then vanished. Burke was startled by the mysterious radiance.

"What's that?" he demanded sharply.

"It's the flashlight from the Metropolitan tower," Gilder explained. "It swings around this way about every fifteen minutes. The servant forgot to draw the curtains."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Burglary at Gilder's.

THE entrance of the butler brought the inspector's thoughts back to the matter in hand.

"My man," he said authoritatively, "I want you to go up to the roof and open the scuttle. You'll find some men waiting up there. Bring 'em down here. They're police officers. You get 'em down here, and then you go to bed and stay there till morning. Understand?"

The butler looked at his master for guidance. Receiving a nod, he said:

"Very well, sir."

"How do you know they're going to break into the house tonight," Gilder demanded of Burke, "or do you only think they're going to break into the house?"

"I know they are. I fixed it."

"You did?"

"Sure; did it through a stool pigeon."

"Oh, an informer!" Gilder interrupted, a little doubtfully.

"Yes," Burke agreed; "stool pigeon is the police name for him. Really, he's the vilest thing that crawls."

"But if you think that," Gilder expostulated, "why do you have anything to do with that sort of person?"

"Because it's good business," the inspector replied. "We know he's a spy and a traitor and that every time he comes near us we ought to use a disinfectant. But we deal with him just the same because we have to. Now, the stool pigeon in this trick is a swell English crook. He went to Garson yesterday with a scheme to rob your house. He tried out Mary Turner, too, but she told Garson to leave it alone. But he met Griggs afterward and agreed to pull it off. Griggs got word to me that it's coming off tonight, and so, you see, Mr. Gilder, that's how I know."

"I see," Gilder admitted, without any enthusiasm. "But why do you have your men come down over the roof?"

"It wasn't safe to bring them in the front way. It's a cinch the house is being watched. I wish you would let me have your latch key. I want to come back and make this collar myself."

"But why not stay, now that you are here?"

"Suppose some of them saw me come in? There wouldn't be anything doing until after they saw me go out again."

The hall door opened, and the butler re-entered the room. Behind him came Cassidy and two other detectives in plain clothes. At a word from his master the disturbed Thomas withdrew.

"Now," Burke went on briskly as the door closed behind the servant, "where could these men stay out of sight until they're needed?"

There followed a little discussion which ended in the selection of a storeroom at the end of the passage on the ground floor.

"And now, Mr. Gilder," the inspector said energetically, "I'm going to give you the same tip I gave your man. Go to bed and stay there."

"But the boy," Gilder protested. "What about him? He's the one thing of importance to me."

"If he says anything more about going to Chicago just you let him go, that's all. It's the best place for him for the next few days."

"You're in charge here," Burke said to Cassidy, "and I hold you responsible. I'm coming back to get this bunch myself, and I'll call you when you're wanted. You'll wait in the storeroom out there and don't make a move till you hear from me, unless by any chance things go wrong and you get a call from Griggs. He's got a whistle, and he'll use it if necessary. Got that straight?" Cassidy declared an entire understanding of the directions.

As the men left the room Burke turned again to Gilder.

"Just one thing more," he said. "After I've gone I want you to stay up for a half hour anyhow, with the lights burning. Do you see? I want to be sure to give the Turner woman time to get here while that gang is at work."

Gilder scrupulously followed the directions of the police inspector. Uneasily he had remained in the library until the allotted time was elapsed. He fidgeted from place to place, his mind heavy with distress under the shadow that threatened to blight the life of his cherished son. Finally, with a sense of relief he put out the lights and went to his chamber.

His thoughts were most with his son and ever as he thought of Dick his fury waxed against the woman who had enmeshed the boy in her plotting

Mary Was Utterly Wretched.

for vengeance on himself. And into his thoughts now crept a doubt, one that alarmed his sense of justice. A horrible suspicion that he had misjudged Mary Turner crept into his brain and would not out. He fought it with all the strength of him, and that was much, but ever it abode there.

Mary Turner herself, too, was in a condition utterly wretched, and for the same cause, Dick Gilder. That source of the father's suffering was hers as well. She had won her ambition of years—revenge on the man who had sent her to prison. And now the joy of it was a torture, for the puppet of her plans, the son, had suddenly become the chief thing in her life.

She had taken it for granted that he would leave her after he came to know that her marriage to him was only a device to bring shame on his father. Instead he loved her. That fact seemed the secret of her distress. He loved her. More, he dared believe, and to assert boldly, that she loved him. Had he acted otherwise the matter would have been simple enough. But he loved her—loved her still, though he knew the shame she had heaped on her life, knew the infamy that had led her to accept him as a husband. More by a sublime audacity he declared that she loved him.

There came a thrill to her heart each time she thought of that, that she loved him. The idea was monstrous, of course, and yet . . . Here, as always, she broke off, a hot flush blazing in her cheeks.

Mary Turner was just ready for bed when a note came by a messenger who waited for no answer, as he told the

Continued on page 3

Origin of Duels.

Dueling took its rise from the judicial combats of the Celtic nations. The first formal duel in England, between William, Count D'Eu, and Godfrey Baynard, took place in 1096. Dueling in civil matters was forbidden in France in 1305. Francis I. challenged the Emperor Charles V. in vain in 1528. The fight with small swords was introduced into England in 1587. A proclamation was made in 1679 that no person should be pardoned who had killed another in a duel. The custom was abolished in the British army in 1792 and was abolished in England by the aid of public opinion.—Kansas City Star.

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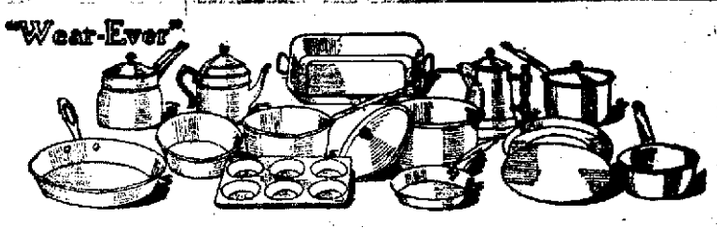

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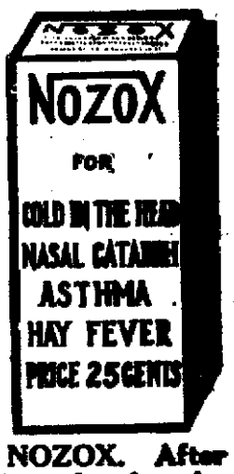

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READ THIS LETTER

"I had almost given up hope of relief after suffering with Asthma for 30 years until I found NOZOX, and I can now say to all sufferers that NOZOX will give you relief and cure you." Henry Adams, 242 W. 65th St., New York.

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READ THIS LETTER

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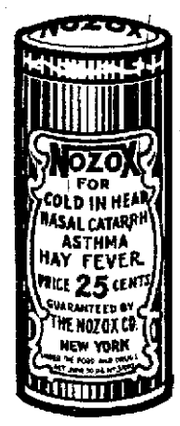

NOZOX is in powder form and the top of the metal can is perforated so that you can sniff it up directly out of the can. Some prefer to sift a little into the palm of the hand and then sniff it up. NOZOX contains no morphine, opium, cocaine or any of the derivatives. It is antiseptic and germ destroying.

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

PERSONAL MENTION

James Albert Crummy, of McVeytown, Pa., and Miss Bessie May Rowles, of Woodland, were married on Tuesday evening, Nov. 25 in the United Brethern parsonage by the Rev. E. G. Spessard.

WITHIN THE LAW

Continued from page 2

yawning maid. As Mary read the roughly scrawled message, she was caught in the grip of terror. The man who had saved her from death had yielded to temptation. As he had saved her so she must save him. She hurried into the gown she had just put off. Then she went to the telephone book and searched for the number of Gilder's house.

* * * * * * *

A few moments before Mary Turner received the note from the hands of the sleepy maid one of the leaves

Dacey With a Ferret Face.

of the octagonal window in the library of Richard Gilder's town house swung open under the persuasive influence of a thin rod of steel, cunningly used, and Joe Garson stepped confidently into the dark room.

For a space he rested motionless, listening intently. Reassured, he drew out an electric torch and set it glowing. A little disk of light touched here and there about the room, traveling very swiftly and in methodical circles. Satisfied by the survey, Garson crossed to the hall door, where he listened for any sound of life without and found none. The door into the passage that led to the storeroom where the detectives waited next engaged his businesslike attention. And here again there was naught to provoke his suspicion.

It seemed to him that everything was in readiness for the coming of his associates. There remained only to give them the signal in the room around the corner where they waited at a telephone. He seated himself in Gilder's chair at the desk and drew the telephone to him.

"Give me 999 Bryant," he said. There was a little wait. Then an answer in a voice he knew came over the wire.

Garson picked up a penholder from the desk and began tapping lightly on the rim of the transmitter. It was a code message in Morse. In the room around the corner the tapping sounded clearly, ticking out the message that the way was free for the thieves' coming.

For a final safeguard Garson searched for and found the telephone bell box and unscrewed the bells, which he placed on the desk. He then took his pistol from his hip pocket and thrust it into the right side pocket of his coat. Once again, now, he produced the electric torch and lighted it as he extinguished the lamp on the table.

He then went to the door into the hall, opened it and, leaving it ajar, made his way in silence to the outer doorway. The doors there were freed of their bolts, and one of them swung wide. So nicely had the affair been timed that hardly was the door open before the three men slipped in and stood mute and motionless in the hall while Garson refastened the doors. Then Garson walked quickly back to the library. Behind him, with steps as noiseless as his own, came the three men.

When all were gathered in the library Garson shut the hall door, touched the button in the wall beside it, and the chandelier threw its radiant light on the group.

Griggs was in evening clothes, seeming a very elegant young gentleman indeed, but his two companions were of grosser type as far as appearances went: one, Dacey, thin and wiry, with a ferret face; the other, Chicago Red, a brawny ruffian, whose stolid features nevertheless exhibited something of half sullen good nature.

"Everything all right so far," Garson said rapidly. He turned to Griggs and pointed toward the heavy hangings that shrouded the octagonal window. "Are those the things we want?" he demanded.

"Dad, Mary and I were married this morning."

"Yes," was the [illegible]

"Well, then, we've [illegible] to get busy."

Before he could act on a direction he was halted by a soft buzzing from the telephone. For an instant he hesitated while the others regarded him doubtfully.

"We've got to take a chance," Garson went to the desk and put the receiver to his ear.

There came again the faint tapping of some one at the other end of the line, signaling a message in the Morse code. An expression of blank amazement, which grew in a flash to deep concern, showed on Garson's face as he listened intently.

"Why, this is Mary calling," he muttered.

"Mary!" Griggs cried.

"Yes, she's on," Garson interpreted a moment later as the tapping ceased for a little. He translated in a loud whisper as the irregular ticking noise sounded again.

"I shall be there almost at once. I am sending this message from the drug store around the corner. Have some one open the door for me immediately."

"She's coming over!" Griggs cried incredulously.

"No. I'll stop her," Garson declared firmly.

But when after tapping a few words the forger paused for the reply no sound came.

"She don't answer!" he exclaimed.

"On her way already," Griggs suggested. "I'll let her in." He drew a small torch from the skirt pocket of his coat and crossed to the hall door as Garson nodded assent.

"God! Why did she have to come?" Garson muttered, filled with forebodings. "If anything should go wrong now!"

He turned back toward the door just as it opened, and Mary darted into the room, with Griggs following closely at her heels.

"What do you want here?" he demanded, with peremptory savageness in his voice, which was a tone he had never hitherto used in addressing her.

There was only tender pleading in Mary's voice, though her words were an arraignment.

"Joe, you lied to me!"

"That can be settled later!" the man snapped. His jaw was thrust forward obstinately, and his clear eyes sparkled defiantly.

"You are fools, all of you!" Mary cried. "Yes, fools! This is burglary. I can't protect you if you are caught. How can I? Oh, come!" She held out her hands pleadingly toward Garson, and her voice dropped to beseeching. "Joe, Joe, you must get away from this house at once, all of you! Joe, make them go!"

"It's too late," was the stern answer. "We're here now, and we'll stay till the business is done."

"Joe, for my sake!"

"I can't quit now until we've got what we came here after," he declared roughly.

"Boys, let's get away! Please, oh,

"This is Mary calling," Garson muttered.

please! Joe, for God's sake!" Her tone was a sob.

"I'm going to see this through," said Garson doggedly.

With a gesture of despair she turned away toward the door by which she had entered.

"You can't go," Garson said sharply. "You might be caught."

"And if I were," Mary demanded in a flash of indignation, "do you think I'd tell?"

"Of course not, Mary. I know you. You would go up for life first. Just the same, you can't take any chances. We'll all get away in a minute and you'll come with us." He turned to the men and spoke with swift authority.

"Come," he said to Dacey, "you get to the light switch there by the hall door. If you hear me snap my fingers, turn 'em off. Understand?"

With instant obedience the man went to his station by the hall door.

"Red," Garson ordered, "you get to that door." He pointed to the one that gave on the passageway against which he had set the chairs piled. As the man obeyed Garson gave further instructions.

"If any one comes in that way get him and go like [illegible]. You understand? Don't let him cry out or make a sound."

Chicago Red held up his huge hand, widely open.

"Not a chance," he declared promptly, "with that over his mug."

"Now, let's get to work," Garson continued eagerly.

Mary spoke with the bitterness of defeat.

"Listen, Joe! If you do this I'm through with you. I quit."

"If this goes through," he countered, "we'll all quit. That's why I'm doing it. I'm sick of the game."

To be Continued.

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Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the 18th day of December next by Warren Partridge, Frank E. Taylor and James P. O'Laughlin, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th, 1874, and supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Graham Township Light, Heat & Power Company, the character and object of which is for the purpose of manufacturing and supplying light, heat and power or either of them by electricity to the public in Graham Township, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, and to such persons, partnerships and corporations residing therein or adjacent thereto as may desire the same and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

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MEDIATE STRIKE OF ELECTRIC WORKERS

State Officials Take Hand In Schenectady Troubles.

Schenectady, N. Y., [illegible] Sam C. Rogers and [illegible] of the board of mediation and [illegible] tion of the state labor department arrived here in an effort to settle the strike of the 14,000 employees of the General Electric company. They said that James M. Lynch, state labor commissioner, who was asked by Governor Glynn to endeavor to bring about an amicable settlement, was ready to come to this city should his presence be deemed necessary.

A conference between company officials, the strike committee and George R. Lunn, the Socialist mayor of the city, was planned.

The threatened sympathetic strike of employees of the S[illegible] Railway company [illegible] The trolley cars run for a short distance on General Electric company property, and [illegible] had urged the conductors [illegible] to tie up the lines. [illegible] do but the trolleys stop [illegible] line just outside the company's grounds, discharged their passengers and ran empty around the loop near the General Electric gates.

It was pay day at the plant and the strikers planned to march in a body to the offices and receive their wages for last week.

U. S. Sailor Shoots Himself.

Nice, Nov. 29.—Seaman L. M. Brush, aged nineteen, of the United States battleship Utah, anchored in Villefranche harbor, attempted suicide at a hotel here by shooting himself with a revolver. He wished to die because of ill health.

You may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better material, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything.—John Ruskin.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 30, 1913.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Josh. iii, 7-17. Memory Verses, 12, 13—Golden Text, Isa. xli, 10—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

In our last lesson we saw Joshua specially commissioned and encouraged as Israel's new leader. The remainder of the chapter told of his reminder to the Reubenites, the Gadites and the half tribe of Manasseh, who had received their inheritance under Moses on the east of Jordan, that they should leave their wives, their families and their cattle and cross the Jordan with their brethren until they, too, should receive their inheritance.

The two and a half tribes stood by their agreement and encouraged Joshua with good words. It is worth noting that the oft quoted text, "Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. xxxii, 23), is in connection with the possible failure of the two and a half tribes to help their brethren to find rest. It may well apply to believers who fail to carry the Bread of Life to those who have never heard of Him. Chapter ii tells us of Rahab, her faith in the God of Israel, her kindness to the two spies, her desire for the safety of her household and her promptness in binding the scarlet line in her window (ii, 11, 13, 18, 21). Honorable mention of her is found in Heb. xi, 31, Jas. ii, 23-25. She became the mother of Boaz, who married Ruth, and therefore the great grandmother of David (Matt. i, 5; Ruth iv, 21, 22).

It is possible that Salmon, her husband, may have been one of the two spies whom she hid. She certainly lied, and her sin is not excused or overlooked, but she truly repented, and there is forgiveness for all such.

Josh. iii tells of the passing through Jordan, and chapter iv tells of the twelve stones set up in the bed of Jordan and at Gilgal. We must ever keep in mind the [illegible] of God's dealings with Israel, "That all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty, and that they might fear the Lord God of Israel" (Josh. iv, 24; see also I Kings viii, 43, 60; II Kings xix, 19; Ps. cvi, 8).

If believers were living to honor the Lord more would testify as Rahab did, "I know * * * for we have heard * * * the Lord your God, He is God in heaven above and in the earth beneath" chapter ii, 8-11). The central object of our two lesson chapters today is "the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth" (iii, 11), mentioned ten times in chapter iii and seven times in chapter iv. The central person is the living God (iii, 10), who is called by that name at least seven times (Deut. v, 26; I Sam. xvii, 26; II Kings xix, 4; Hos. i, 10; Matt. xvi, 16; I Thess. i, 9, and in our lesson).

The great event is the crossing through Jordan on dry land. The great human instrument is Joshua, concerning whom the Lord said: "This day will I begin to magnify thee in the sight of all Israel, that they may know that, as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee" (iii, 7). Those who honor the Lord He will honor.

This is another third day story (verse 2, see [illegible]). It may not appeal to some, but to me all safety and victory [illegible] is [illegible] with the greatest third day event in all history, the resurrection of our Lord from the dead, for if He be not risen all is vain.

Jordan signifies river of judgment. The twelve stones of Gilgal suggest risen with Christ, all reproach rolled away (v, 9). The ark of the covenant was the most remarkable type of Christ in the whole tabernacle, although every whit of it spoke of Him. What could be more suggestive of all safety depending upon Christ than the ark upon the shoulders of the priests in the midst of Jordan until everything was finished and all the people were clean passed over (iii, 10, 11).

The priests [illegible] the ark had to step into the w[illegible] [illegible] stood up [illegible] and ran off [illegible] er (verses 15-17). This [illegible] a trial of their faith [illegible] ing of the Red sea, which seems to have divided before the people came actually to it.

As we go on life's journey our faith should be ever increasing, but He always deals with us as we are able, though longing oft times that we might have greater faith and grieved by our little faith, as He often was with His disciples (Matt. vi, 30; viii, 26; xiv, 31; xvi, 8), while the only two who pleased Him by great faith were the Roman centurion and the woman of Tyre and Sidon, both gentiles. It is profitable to notice that they were to watch the ark that they might know the way by which they should go (iii, 3, 4), and we are reminded of our instructions in Heb. xii, 1, 2, to run with patience, looking unto Jesus and to consider Him who endured. In the summer of 1873 I heard a sermon on the last clause of verse 4 at St. Catharines, Canada, "For ye have not passed this way heretofore," which has been a blessing to me ever since.

It is certainly good for a new year or any new departure, but it is equally good for every day of life, for every day is an untrodden way, and we never know the way and need to acknowledge Him in all our ways that He may direct our paths, for it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps (Prov. iii, 6; Jer. x, 23).

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